

CAN ZON 2.



HOXJGH be thou limned in these
discoloured lines, (Delicious Model of
my spirit's portrait!) Though be thou
sable pencilled, these designs Shadow not
beauty, but a sorrow's extract! When I
emprised, though in my love's affections,
The silver lustre of thy brow to unmask!
Though hath my Muse hyperbolised
trajectories ; Yet stands it, aye, deficient to
such task.

My slubb'ring pencil casts too gross a
matter, Thy beauty's pure divinity to blaze ?
For when my smoothed tongue hath sought
to flatter, Thy Worth hath dearthed his
words, for thy true praise ! Then though my
pencil glance here on thine eyes ; Sweet !
think thy Fair, it doth but portionise !

CANZON 3.



HEN, from the tower whence I derive love's
heaven, Mine eyes (quick pursuivants!) the
sight attached Of Thee, all splendid! I, as out
of sweaven, Myself 'gan rouse, like one from
sleep awaked. Coveting eyes controlled my
slowly gait, And wood Desire to wing my feet for
flight; Yet unresolved, Fear did with eyes
debate, And said, " 'Twas but tra[ns]lucence of
the light! "

But when approached, where Thou thy stand
didst take ' At gaze, I stood; like deer, when
'ghast, he spies Some white in thick! Ah,
then, the arrow strake Through mine heart'
sent from thy tiller eyes.

Dead in thine aim, Thou seized what 'longed
to thee ! Mine heart, ZEPHERIA! then, became
thy fee!